

'SWEET ENEMY'

sweet enemy, Fraunce.' skphilipSidney>

'L'Angleterre est une lie, mais il y a des
jours
oil, comme D6los, elle voyage et se baigne dans
la

Louis Gillet, *Shakespeare*.

liversaries soon become nuisances. Like
those small
dogs for whose diversion one is rash enough
to throw the
first stone, they come rushing back again
and again with
merciless assiduity. They can be almost as
bad as birth-
days. And yet, but for this odious way they
have of re-
curring, I could almost wish to add yet
another to their
number—the Fourteenth of October.

And what, it may be asked, happened on
October 14th?
One of the half-dozen events that even
English education
succeeds in really beating into the English
head—the
Battle of Hastings, in the year 1066. It is not
unusual to
regard that date with a touch of pique. We
tend to iden-
tify ourselves with the natives (unless,
indeed, we had an
ancestor on the winning side); we dislike
being conquered.
Certainly our grandfathers felt this
strongly; to say no-
thing of Professor Freeman, it is enough to
read the
Harold of Lord Lytton or the *Harold* of Lord
Tennyson.

Most moderns have read neither; and
honesty must resist
the temptation, almost irresistible in such
cases, to pre-
tend they have missed one of life's great
experiences. But

bias against the Norman is emphatically
there. It is, in-
deed, hard for any reader of history not to
sympathise with
the sheer ill-fortune of the last Saxon king;
and yet few
readers of literature, who take an interest in
radical charac-
teristics, can regret Hastings field. Some
of them will